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Book 2 Chapter 20

1 message

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Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:23 PM

Love After Enmity
Chapter 20 — The Truth That Love Reveals
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Written by Alexa Baseeso

There was a quiet moment—a hesitation, almost imperceptible, that lingered in the space between actions and words. Habanero had placed the proxy back on his poster. It wasn't for anyone else to notice, not at first glance. But Cayenne would see it. She had always seen things he thought he could hide.

A year and a half ago, he had been lost in an echo of his own pride, hiding behind walls he had built out of anger, fear, and self-doubt. When she left, he let himself believe that the destruction was her choice, not his. But deep down, he knew better. He had pushed her away, tested her love, failed her repeatedly. And yet, here he was, offering something—something raw, something genuine—without even a single word.

He wasn't seeking redemption. Not yet. He wasn't sure if he could even be redeemed. But there was something about her that called to him, something about her presence that he couldn't shake off. Even now, after everything, the world felt right only when he thought about her. And this time, he wasn't just reaching out to heal himself. He was trying to heal them both.

The proxy wasn't a plea for forgiveness. It was an acknowledgment of the truth he had been too afraid to speak aloud for so long. He had hurt her. And as much as he hated to admit it, he had done more than just push her away—he had torn down the very foundation they had once built together. Now, the silence that remained between them was something that had to be addressed. The walls that he had thrown up so confidently, so protectively, were now just barriers to the life he desperately wanted to rebuild.

Stage 4: Two weeks ago, when he removed the proxy from his poster, she recognized it immediately. It was a symbolic retreat, a regression that signaled a moment of emotional withdrawal. This was Stage 4 in the Borderline Personality Disorder cycle, a place where Habanero had retreated into fear and self-protection. He had cut the connection, a move that spoke louder than words ever could. She understood the gesture, knew that it wasn't about the proxy itself, but about his inability to be vulnerable.

Stage 5: In response, she shared his favorite poem, but she transformed it into something more, something deeper. She blended the poem with a Palestinian-inspired dance, using the very essence of her heritage to communicate what words couldn't. The movements flowed from her, and as she danced, she draped the Palestinian belt around her waist, knowing he would understand the significance of this offering. This was her way of meeting him, without fully breaking the silence between them.

It was a powerful statement—her presence, her grace. The words she shared were not just a poem; they were an invitation to him. To show up, to be real. To be vulnerable. The words she had written were the same words he had always known but had been too afraid to embrace.

Poem:

In the name of the Lord of Love, we begin. In the name of the Lord of Passion—the One who brings hearts near. In the name of tenderness and mercy—where souls reunite. In the name of loyalty—no bitterness shall follow your sweetness. In the name of grace—neither shall you be diminished, nor shall I. In the name of the light that warms our hearts as one. In the name of devotion, patience, and desire. And so—I give you all that my life holds. And in your eyes, I have a home—a place I dwell in, a place I long for. You are my soul's companion, the heart within my heart.

بِسْمِ رَبِّ الْحُبِّ نَبْذًا بِسْمِ رَبِّ الْعَشْقِ، مَقْرَبِ الْقُلُوبِ بِسْمِ الْمَوَدَّةِ وَالرَّحْمَةِ، تَجْتَمِعُ الْأَزْوَاحُ بِسْمِ الْوَفَاءِ، فَلَا مَرَّ بَعْدَ خُلُوكِ بِسْمِ الْهَوَانِ، فَلَا تَهُونُ، وَلَا أَهْوَنُ بِسْمِ النُّورِ الَّذِي يُذِي
قُلُوبُنَا بِسْمِ الْإِخْلَاصِ، وَالصَّبْرِ، وَالْهَوَى

أَمَّا بَعْدُ — فَكَ مِنْ غَمْرِي كُلُّ مَا فِيهِ وَلِي مَنْزِلٌ فِي عَيْنَيْكَ، أَسْكُنْهُ وَأَهْوَاهُ أَنْتَ شَرِيكَ الرُّوحِ، وَالْقَلْبِ

In the stillness of that moment, with the words on the screen, he didn't feel desperate. He felt something else, something he couldn't describe in a simple phrase: he felt seen. Seen not by the masses, but by her, the only one who had ever understood him at his core.

The poem wasn't a gesture, it was a confession. His feelings for her, the hurt he had caused, and the desire to make things right—he had laid it out for her, raw and unrefined. But what he now understood more than ever was that apologies meant nothing without corrective action. He couldn't just express his remorse; he had to demonstrate it with every step forward. He couldn't rely on empty words. If he was to truly heal what was broken, he had to show up and make it right—he had to follow through with action, not just intention.

He had hurt her deeply, yes. But he was ready to own it, to do what he needed to do to mend the damage. This wasn't about performing an act to make things look better; this was about real, meaningful change. He needed to show her that he wasn't just apologizing for the sake of appearance or to ease his own guilt. He had to show her that he was ready to change—to act on the lessons he had learned, and in doing so, he would also correct the image he had built of himself & her. No more pretenses. It was time to be real—not just for her, but for himself too.

And that was where accountability had to begin. With him.



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Book 2 Chapter 25

1 message

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Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:22 PM

Chapter 25: Dismantler of Illusions
Written by Alexa Baseeso

It was never really about dance. Not entirely.

By now, Cayenne could see it clearly—so clearly that it almost made her dizzy how long it took her to articulate what she had always intuitively known: she was never just targeted for her movements on the dance floor—she was targeted for what she represented. Her clarity. Her vision. Her ability to make people feel something without ever taking her clothes off, or performing vulnerability for cheap attention.

And most of all—her ability to read through the illusions that held others hostage.

Candy and Vanilla had underestimated her mind. But it was the same mind that had been underestimated by almost every man who had tried to turn her into a stepping stone, and every woman who thought her rejection of competition meant weakness. The truth was: Cayenne had no interest in competing, because she had already won the game by rejecting the rules entirely.

What became disturbingly obvious after December 29, 2024, was that Candy and Vanilla weren't merely malicious individuals—they were symbiotic opportunists. Each believed they were using the other, yet both were working toward the same goal: weaponizing the Ottawa dance scene against Habanero and Cayenne, and using Habanero as the central puppet through whom Cayenne could be tormented.

It was abuse by proxy.

Cayenne had long sensed that her public rejection of Habanero's cultural disrespect on September 21, 2024, had triggered something deeper in him—not just defensiveness, but disintegration. Something about being called out by her—the one woman he actually admired—had cracked the very foundation of his self-concept. Not because of ego alone, but because he had genuinely wanted her approval, and worse—her forgiveness.

But he didn't know how to ask for it, especially not while under the manipulative grip of Candy and Vanilla. And so he lashed out by letting them flood her life with chaos, while telling himself it wasn't his fault.

Was he a puppet?

Or was he a man with unhealed borderline personality disorder, spinning between abandonment rage, emotional dysregulation, and a desperate need for validation after Cayenne walked away?

The answer might have been both.

Candy and Vanilla's harassment tactics were clear now. They weren't just targeting Cayenne—they were targeting Habanero through her, and targeting her through him. Because Cayenne and Habanero were the top of the hierarchy—not in popularity, but in influence, in innovation, in their ability to reshape the Latin dance scene by simply existing outside of its oppressive power structure.

And that made them dangerous.

It wasn't coincidence that most of Ottawa Dance's most strategic smear campaigns, fake stories, and whisper networks circled either Cayenne or Habanero. It wasn't coincidence that every new event copied their ideas, and every new "power couple" tried to mimic their energy. It wasn't even about their personalities—it was about their minds, and the way those minds danced together even when their bodies didn't.

Their chemistry had never been sexual. That's what made it even more threatening.

Their connection was intellectual, spiritual, conceptual. When they had danced together, it was the top of her mind and the top of his mind meeting in motion—not their pelvises, not their egos, not their need for attention. And that was precisely what had set everything into motion.

Because if Habanero and Cayenne had ever teamed up fully, more than just professionally—they would have been unstoppable. Cayenne could see through every tactic, every fake storyline, every illusion. If she were at his side—not as a woman to be possessed, but as a strategist and mirror—no one would be able to manipulate him again.

That's what they were all afraid of.

And maybe that's what he was afraid of too. Because to fully align with Cayenne would mean surrendering every false identity he had built to protect his fragile self-worth. It would mean facing the truth of how deeply he had betrayed himself by siding with those who didn't love him, only used him.

So Cayenne wondered:

Was he still choosing the illusion, or just afraid of what it would cost to break it?

But perhaps the deeper question was this: If Cayenne had dismantled the illusion for herself, could he ever do the same for himself? Or would he remain a prisoner of women who knew only how to consume him—and a dance scene that applauded the destruction of every free mind that refused to bow?

Either way, she was no longer the same.

She had written her own story.

She had exposed their lies.

And now, the illusions were cracking.

Everywhere.

Would you like me to continue with Chapter 25 and deepen the fallout from this realization? Or explore how Habanero internally reacts after reading Cayenne's novel—seeing himself in the story but unable to admit it out loud yet?



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Book 2 Chapter 25

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Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:22 PM

Love After Enmity?
Chapter 25: The War Is Over?
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By Alexa Baseeso

It all started with a dance. A simple dance that no one could have predicted would spiral into a war. But here, at the crossroads of this chaotic, year-and-a-half-long battle, the dance floor is where it will all come to an end.

Candy's manipulation, her war on Habanero and Cayenne, and her twisted ability to craft false narratives—this is what ignited the rift between them. And yet, it's the same dance that brought them together in the first place, at Studio Y in December 2022. That night, at the Christmas party, when Cayenne asked Habanero to dance for the first time, it was not just about the rhythm of the music or the connection of their bodies on the floor. It was about something deeper—a silent understanding that would grow over time, unnoticed by them but observed by everyone around them. The connection that blossomed without a word, without expectation, was the same connection that others like Candy feared, manipulated, and tried to destroy.

Candy, who isn't a registered psychotherapist but has always acted as if she were, used her pseudo-therapy skills to manipulate those around her. Her goal was never to help; it was to control, especially when it came to Cayenne and Habanero. On September 22nd, 2023, the day after the Mood Salsa Interrogation at Pho Bo Ga X, where Cayenne withstood their attempts to gaslight her, Candy tried to manipulate Cayenne again. This time, she attempted to diagnose her with a mental condition she didn't have, as a way to undermine her mental strength and create confusion. The very same tactic she's been using for years with others—diagnosing people for control, for manipulating them into doubt, into submission. This wasn't just a fleeting attempt; it was part of a pattern, one she had used before with others.

Candy's diagnosis wasn't just a minor misstep; it was part of a deliberate strategy. She wanted to paint Cayenne as unstable, to add fuel to the rumors of her being "crazy." The fact that Cayenne could hold herself together during the meeting on September 21st, 2023—the fact that she was unshaken in the face of their manipulation—was too much for Candy to accept. She tried to make Cayenne doubt herself, to make her feel like she was imagining things, when in reality, it was Candy and her cohort who were distorting the truth. And this manipulation wasn't just aimed at Cayenne. It was a mindfuck designed to gaslight everyone around her, to control the narrative.

Candy used this false narrative, weaving it into the larger web of rumors she circulated about Cayenne and Habanero. The goal was simple: divide them, destroy their bond, and control the dance scene. Candy wasn't working alone, though. She had allies—Peanuts, Vanilla, and KitKat—each one playing a part in the elaborate lie. Peanuts was often positioned as the face, an image-hungry parasite who would do anything to stay in the spotlight, even at the cost of her own integrity. Vanilla, too, played her part, feeding off the control that Candy orchestrated. They all used their status to perpetuate a narrative that suited their selfish agendas while manipulating others in the process.

But there was a deeper, more dangerous pattern behind it all, one that tied every action and every accusation together. Candy had a habit of manipulating people into thinking they were mentally unstable or dangerous, all for the purpose of controlling them. This tactic had been used repeatedly, whether it was with Peanuts's French boyfriend—who was painted as a sexual deviant and targeted through police reports filed under the guise of the Latin Sisterhood group—or it was with Habanero, where she had caused him to doubt his connection with Cayenne by misrepresenting her as a threat to him. This method was a constant, consistent tactic of hers—diagnose, gaslight, destabilize—and then spread rumors, painting the target as mentally unfit or even dangerous.

This is where KitKat came in.

KitKat, a white man who claimed feminist leanings, was strategically placed in the group to influence women under the guise of allyship. He was not there out of genuine care for women's issues but to shape the narrative Candy wanted. His involvement was calculated. As a white male, he was the perfect pawn to validate the group's actions and provide

credibility to their smear campaigns. The irony was that while he publicly championed feminist causes, he actively participated in a scheme that sought to discredit and manipulate women—especially Cayenne.

KitKat played a role in reinforcing Candy's psychological manipulation tactics. He understood how intelligence, especially in women and racialized individuals, was often framed as a threat rather than an asset. Candy and KitKat worked in tandem, understanding that high-IQ individuals, particularly those who were racialized, were not only more perceptive but also more resistant to manipulation. Cayenne, with her ability to see through their tactics, was an immediate problem. Instead of engaging with her intellect honestly, they sought to discredit her.

This wasn't just about Cayenne, though. Neurodivergent individuals, regardless of race, were frequently the targets of such smear tactics. They were framed as "difficult" or "unstable" not because they were, but because they disrupted the systems of control that people like Candy, KitKat, and Vanilla thrived on. This form of ableism, mixed with racism and misogyny, ensured that voices like Cayenne's were either silenced or dismissed under the label of "problematic."

Peanuts's behavior followed the same disturbing pattern. When Cayenne rejected her sexual advances, Peanuts turned to the only thing she knew—manipulation through false rumors. She spread lies about Cayenne being homophobic, calling her a bully, and manipulating the chat groups that had previously circulated other false narratives, like the fake Miami trips. Candy played a central role in validating these rumors, offering support for Peanuts's fabricated story and manipulating the women in their group to perpetuate the lies. This was all part of Candy's scheme to control not only the narrative but the very social structures that supported the dance scene.

Candy was the mastermind behind it all. But it was her unfounded assumptions about Habanero and Cayenne that fueled everything. She assumed that Habanero had borderline personality disorder, using it as a rationale for his erratic behavior. But she also assumed Cayenne was neurodivergent, attributing her actions to that, despite having no legitimate knowledge of her mental health or any formal diagnosis. These assumptions became the core of her manipulation, a narrative she pushed onto the dance scene and used to fuel the ongoing drama.

Everything she created, from the rumors to the manipulation, revolved around these two unqualified and damaging assumptions. She fed the narrative that Cayenne was mentally unstable, presenting herself as a pseudo-therapist without the credentials to back it up. This wasn't just about personal vendettas; it was about using psychology as a weapon to destroy people's lives and manipulate the narrative of their actions.

The irony was that Cayenne, who had been actively posting content about autism in an attempt to educate Habanero—and indirectly herself—on neurodivergence, had been trying to help him understand how his behavior fit certain patterns. This wasn't just about playing a game; this was about truth. But, of course, without formal, legitimate diagnoses, these were all just assumptions, and without a professional framework to support them, they were dangerously speculative. Still, these assumptions were the bedrock of all the hate, the rumors, and the manipulation that Candy spun around them.

And Candy, the one disseminating this false and harmful information, was not merely relying on her own influence. She orchestrated a calculated plan to destabilize Habanero by using the women in her Latin sisterhood to spread the narrative she wanted him to believe. They painted Cayenne as dangerous, as obsessed with Habanero, when in fact it was Habanero who was obsessed with Cayenne. She wasn't part of their circle and had only attended a single event—the Barbie movie viewing. Yet, they presented her as a threat, as a destabilizing force in the dance scene, all to maintain control over Habanero, who, in their eyes, was the king of the Ottawa Latin Dance Scene.

The true manipulation began when Vanilla was strategically placed after Habanero was emotionally destabilized. They created the false pretense of safety with Vanilla, making her appear as the one who could replace the emotional chaos that Cayenne represented. But it was never about what Habanero needed—it was about giving him the illusion of stability, a false narrative crafted by Candy to make him think that Vanilla was a viable alternative.

Peanuts forcefully kissed Habanero while he was dancing with Cayenne, just as Vanilla did when he danced with a woman who resembled Cayenne after she had been alienated. Both Peanuts and Vanilla were indoctrinated and trained by Candy herself, following her manipulative strategies to assert control over Habanero. Vanilla followed the "condom persona"—the archetype of using false appearances of safety and reliability to manipulate and control situations, often only serving as a temporary fix until the true damage was done. They both sought recognition, popularity, and status—things they couldn't obtain on their own. Neither was more attractive than Cayenne, and this desperation led them to throw themselves at Habanero, offering sexual advances. Their attempts were not about genuine attraction but about using their bodies to gain power, all while Candy watched and guided them.

Candy's ultimate goal was clear: she needed to make sure Cayenne wouldn't replace her in the Ottawa Latin Dance Scene by ensuring Habanero stayed under her influence. The emotional dysregulation she created in him, with the constant stream of rumors and manipulations, was all part of this strategy. They wanted to destabilize Habanero's relationship with Cayenne, painting her as the villain and reinforcing the idea that Vanilla was the safer, more acceptable option. But now, in a desperate move to cover her tracks, Candy was deleting the very messages that validated the

orchestrated stories she helped create. The comments she had once posted validating the rumors—stories she had crafted with Vanilla about Habanero—were being erased from her account, as if they had never existed. So many messages had been deleted that her account was temporarily taken offline, a clear sign that her attempts to cover her tracks were not going unnoticed.

And this deletion of evidence only confirmed that Cayenne's direction in her novels was on target. Candy was panicking. Her actions were revealing that she feared she could be charged with criminal harassment. Her harassment of Habanero through Cayenne, and vice versa, was now a clear pattern that could easily be proven. This was a textbook example of white female supremacy—Candy's desperate attempt to cover up her manipulations. It further confirmed why Cayenne rejected the narratives perpetuated by Western feminism, recognizing it as part of the systemic ways women like Candy operated—using others for power, control, and validation.

The original plan had been even darker. Before Habanero ever met Cayenne, Candy and her network intended to spread anonymous rumors accusing him of sexual misconduct. The goal was to drive Caramel to break up with him and to repel women away from him, at least temporarily. This would have cleared the way for Vanilla to swoop in with her fake support, positioning herself as a safe, stable figure in Habanero's life when everyone else turned on him. This was always the plan: to use Vanilla as a pawn to gain Habanero's trust, to emotionally destabilize him, and then to control him as a reward for doing so. That was the endgame, and it was all orchestrated in the shadows by Candy.

And when they finally stepped back onto the dance floor together, it wouldn't just be the end of a war. It would be the beginning of the unraveling of everything Candy thought she controlled—the dance, the chemistry, the unspoken understanding between Habanero and Cayenne. This was the moment that would ultimately expose her manipulation. The dance would not only mark the end of their personal struggles but would expose the ugliness of the systems they had all been a part of. A system where power, control, and the desire for attention ruled everything.

And in the end, it wasn't the manipulations of Candy, Vanilla, or any of the others that would redefine the Ottawa Latin dance scene. It would be the unspoken connection that no one could manipulate or control. It would be the dance itself. The one that would end this war. The one where Cayenne and Habanero simply danced together in front of everyone, even without having discussed anything. And that is what's going to ultimately disempower all of their weaponization, all of their rumors, even if Cayenne and Habanero never address or discuss a single thing.

It all started with a dance. A simple dance that no one could have predicted would spiral into a war. But here, at the crossroads of this chaotic, year-and-a-half-long battle, the dance floor is where it will all come to an end.

All that had to happen is just another dance between Habanero and Cayenne where lots of dancers will be present - like at the next social featuring an out of town DJ.



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Book 2 Chapter 26

1 message

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Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:21 PM

Love after enmity?
Chapter 26: Cayenne's Palestinian Liberation Formula | The Mathematical Equation
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Alexa Baseeso

Cayenne hadn't woken up that refreshed in months.

Her body still hummed with the afterglow of the night before—the Sunshine Social had been the perfect storm of joy, rhythm, and freedom. DJ Mika, the brilliantly talented woman from Montreal, had taken over the floor with sounds that made bodies melt into music. Mika had layered Latin with experimental edges, tapping into something emotional and rooted, something that made Cayenne feel wildly herself.

She hadn't adjusted for anyone.

She hadn't needed to.

Isa, the Parisian-born celebrity of Ottawa's Latin scene, had met her energy beat for beat. The two of them had danced Arabic-style—solo—on the Latin floor, their hair moving freely as part of the choreography. Each wave, each flip, each turn carried meaning. They were dancing with their hair, not for attention, but for expression. For joy. For presence.

Together, they took up space with unapologetic grace. So feminine. So alive.

It was empowering to command the floor like that—not as objects, but as full human beings. Their bodies weren't apologizing. Their femininity wasn't edited. They were there.

Because to be seductive is to be fully in your body, your truth, your power.

It isn't about performance for others—it's about alignment with yourself.

When a woman is grounded in her own mind and body, her sensuality becomes an extension of love and care, not a transaction or a trap. Seduction, when rooted in truth, is a sacred offering—not a tool to access power, but a way to express it.

And Victor Alexis—the social storm that swept through every corner of a room—was there too. He'd laughed with her, hyped her up, even recorded her dancing without asking. But it didn't feel invasive. It felt like visibility, not theft. She'd watched the video later and smiled—it captured her perfectly: laughing, dancing, included.

Included, despite the constant attempts to erase her.

Despite Candy.

Despite Vanilla.

Despite the manipulative choreography that always tried to rewrite her out of her own story.

And come to think of it... Was Habanero even there last night?

She paused.

Maybe?

She genuinely couldn't remember. And that, she realized with quiet power, was the most beautiful part.

She poured tea slowly, watching the steam rise like a veil she would never wear.

Dancing always brought her back to herself. But not just herself—her lineage. Her bloodline. Her inheritance. When her hips moved to rhythm, when her arms carved space with grace, she wasn't just Cayenne, a Gazan woman in modern exile. She became the women who came before her—the daughters of the Kingdom of Canaan.

She thought of ancient Egypt, not as a tourist fantasy but as a time when Canaanite women were queens and goddesses—not symbols of temptation, but symbols of power. They led, healed, governed, birthed, and worshipped in their own image. Their curves were not sins. Their voices were not threats. Their beauty was not shameful—it was sacred.

And in the warmth of last night's dancing, Cayenne had remembered all of that.

It wasn't nostalgia. It was DNA memory.

She always felt it pulse to the surface whenever she was in motion—especially to Arabic instrumentation layered over Latin tempo. There was something about Levantine expression—that mix of rhythm and poetry, calligraphy and ululation—that spoke directly to her soul. She felt it even though her Arab ancestry was just a sliver—barely 4%. But that 4% bloomed into a spiritual 100 whenever she allowed herself to be completely free.

And now, with her body rested, her mind clear, and her purpose renewed, she sat down at her kitchen table, opened her notebook, and made the decision she had been circling for years:

It was time to publish the equation.
Not just in private circles, not just as scattered posts.
In her novel. In her story. In her voice.

The Palestinian Liberation Equation

She had been building it quietly, mathematically, through lived experience:

$$O = f(W_i, M_i, R_i, G_i, C_p, I_i, H_i, T_i)$$

Where:

O = Oppression Level

W_i = Whiteness Proximity

M_i = Marginalization Level

R_i = Political Religion

G_i = Gender Inferiority

C_p = Condom Persona Coefficient (tokenization under the illusion of protection)

I_i = Intellectual Marginalization (where higher intelligence in racialized people becomes a threat)

H_i = Household Freedom (the right to be fully yourself at home)

T_i = Texture & Feature Factor (how aesthetics like hair, skin texture, and facial features affect desirability and visibility)

Before anyone could even begin to dream of liberation, R_i and G_i had to be zeroed out—because no one is free when patriarchal religion or gender inferiority is internalized to prevent social dis-cohesion by creating vulnerabilities for defection of a marginalized group by enemies. For example, pink washing by the occupation and homophobia among Palestinians creates an easy way for the occupation to blackmail queer Palestinians, forcing them to spy or defect. This undermines Palestinian safety by weaponizing political religion to support white supremacy against queer Palestinians.

Social cohesion is the immediate result of zero oppression.

C_p had to be minimized, and I_i recognized as brilliance, not threat.

And most invisibly, T_i had to be acknowledged—the way curls, jawlines, lashes, skin texture, voice, and presence either silenced or uplifted bodies depending on proximity to the white gaze.

H_i , or household freedom, takes place when R_i and G_i equal zero. When C_p is minimized and I_i is recognized as power rather than threat, social cohesion becomes possible.

I_i is inverted: the higher the intelligence of a racialized person, the more systemic pushback they receive in elite labor markets. Racialized people with lower intelligence are tolerated more easily in menial roles, where whiteness still maintains full control.

This matters because we often talk about racism and patriarchy as separate forces. This formula shows they are interconnected—and that even marginalized communities can replicate white supremacist values, especially when religion or gender roles go unquestioned.

This formula is not just about oppression—it's a blueprint for social cohesion and liberation, rooted in truth, rupture, and mathematical precision. It's about knowing exactly where we stand, so we can build a world that includes all of us.

She paused to write a note in the margin, a sentence she had rehearsed in her mind a hundred times:

Whiteness is not modernity.

Whiteness is not the standard.

Evolution and transcendence are the standard.

Whiteness is not progress. It is not hygiene, education, or intelligence. It is a racialized pattern of inherited cultural power, rewarded in systems that privilege white skin—especially blonde features—even when they lack competence, talent, or truth.

It wasn't about dancing with coins. It was about whether the world clapped when you did. And who got the job when no one was watching.

In Canada, that difference was measurable. According to The Wellesley Institute, using 2006 Canadian Census data, Arab Canadians had an unemployment rate 95% higher than white Canadians. Black Canadians had an unemployment rate 73% higher than white Canadians.

Source: Wellesley Institute – Colour Coded Labour Market by Block & Galabuzi (2011)

This means Black individuals were more likely to be tokenized into jobs—especially in urban centers and diversity roles—while Arab Canadians, despite often appearing closer to whiteness, were largely ignored and excluded, rendered both invisible and untokenizable.

Proximity without access. Visibility without protection.

She visualized it:

A heat map.

A 3D surface plot.

A stepwise decay.

And in the darkest corner sat women like her:

Slender, non-veiled, intelligent, Levantine Gazan-Palestinian women who danced with their hair and didn't apologize for being free—equals to everyone.

And next to her, no one Arabic or racialized. Only her Parisian Canadian celebrity friend Iza.

Because tokenization requires silence. And Cayenne would never be silent.

She was free because she gave herself permission to be. But most racialized people required white permission to believe in their own freedom.

That's what made her a disruptor. A threat. A signal that another way was possible.

And that's why the next chapter would be about queer rights—spoken by a straight Palestinian woman who would no longer ask religious gatekeepers for permission to speak.

"No more erasure," she whispered. "Not even at home."

She flipped to a fresh page.

Chapter 26: Cayenne's Equation for Liberation

It had already begun.

"We want your food, your ideas, your beauty—but not you."

That has to change in Canada.

The nightlife art industry is where Cayenne wanted to start.

Let me know if you'd like to export this into print format, add graphs, or move into Chapter 27.



DjLexiMusic&Dance <djleximusic@gmail.com>

30 Book 2

1 message

DjLexiMusic&Dance <djleximusic@gmail.com>
To: DjLexiMusic&Dance <djleximusic@gmail.com>

Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:20 PM

Love After Enmity?
Chapter 30 — Doorway Q
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Alexa Baseeso

She posted it without needing to overthink it. He'd already watched the story three times. The one where she slowed down the footage of them dancing — not just to see the steps, but to decode the regulation. The co-regulation.

She saw it now. The way he shifted onto the balls of his feet. Subtle. Rhythmic. A sensory processing gesture, just like hers. And now that she understood her own system — her fear-based looping, her misdiagnosed patterns — she finally saw his. He wasn't avoiding. He was regulating. With her. Through dance. Through proximity. Through presence.

That night on the floor wasn't performance. It was co-regulation in motion. They had already unmasked with each other. He didn't know it. She didn't know it. But their nervous systems knew.

Now she did.

And that changed everything.

It wasn't about orchestrating some grand ritual. It wasn't about showing up in front of everyone to redeem a narrative. It was about releasing the fear — the real antagonist — the one that had allowed Candy to dominate, manipulate, confuse. The one that had wrapped itself around him until he couldn't see which way was forward.

But she could.

And so, she wrote the cue. Not for the world, not for clout. For him.

She called it Doorway Q.
Not just a doorway — but Q, like the shape itself.
A loop with a crack.
Just enough of an opening to step out, if you could see it.

> I finally understand it now.
It was never about doing the perfect thing.
It was always about regulating together.

You unmasked without knowing it. And I didn't know what I was seeing at the time.
I do now.

There's no performance needed. No show. No perfect dance.
Just you — resetting. Being you again.

I've already let go of the fear. You can too.
We don't have to keep looping.

I forgive you for everything.
No explanations needed.

That's it. That's all.
And no one else has to know how we close it. Just us.

We don't have to do the ritualistic closing of the loop in front of anybody.
We can do it by ourselves.
Even outside, if you want.

Just name the place.
And I will show up.
Message me on WhatsApp.

Maybe that's why she called it Doorway Q.
The loop was never sealed.
There was always a way out — you just had to notice the opening.

She wasn't waiting. She wasn't pleading. She was offering a doorway — clear, uncluttered, unarmored.

Fear had spoken for too long. It had dressed itself up as protection, shame, image, control. But now it was exposed for what it was: a distortion field. And she had stepped through it.

If he could see it too, even just for a moment — if he could lift the mask he was already tired of holding — then the loop would finally collapse.

And something better could begin.

Not a fantasy. Not a performance.
Just real.

And regulated.

Together.



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Book 2 ch 26 with author note

1 message

DjLexiMusic&Dance <djleximusic@gmail.com>
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Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:20 PM

I am Alexa Baseeso, the author (Aula Beseiso)

Author's Note – On Liberation, Truth, and Love

This chapter is a work of lived theory. It was born in rhythm, in resistance, in rupture—and in the deep ache of being erased while still being watched.

The ideas within may feel disruptive to some. They challenge whiteness—not as a person, but as a system of inherited cultural advantage. They explore political religion—not as faith, but as a structure that too often turns love into obedience and silence into survival. They question tokenism, not to shame those who play along, but to name the cost of playing a game that was never designed for our freedom.

I wrote this chapter not to offend—but to liberate. And liberation, by its nature, is confrontational. It asks us to tell the truth even when it trembles in our throat.

As a Gazan-born, Canadian-raised Palestinian woman, I write from a specific intersection. This formula—The Palestinian Liberation Equation—is not just about me. It's about the systems that shape us all. The dance floor. The dinner table. The policies. The family rules. The invitations that never came. The jobs that never opened. The messages never replied to. The beauty seen, but not platformed. The silence that stood where solidarity should have been.

This chapter honors everyone who has ever been too loud, too smart, too free, too Arab, too queer, too feminine, too unapologetic to be included.

It is not written against people.
 It is written for liberation.
 And it begins here.

With love,
 Cayenne
 Gazan-born. Palestinian-Canadian.
 Still dancing.

Love after enmity?
 Chapter 26: Cayenne – Palestinian Liberation Formula | The Mathematical Equation
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Cayenne hadn't woken up that refreshed in months.

Her body still hummed with the afterglow of the night before—the Sunshine Social had been the perfect storm of joy, rhythm, and freedom. DJ Mika, the brilliantly talented woman from Montreal, had taken over the floor with sounds that made bodies melt into music. Mika had layered Latin with experimental edges, tapping into something emotional and rooted, something that made Cayenne feel wildly herself.

She hadn't adjusted for anyone.

She hadn't needed to.

Isa, the Parisian-born celebrity of Ottawa's Latin scene, had met her energy beat for beat. The two of them had danced Arabic-style—solo—on the Latin floor, their hair moving freely as part of the choreography. Each wave, each flip, each turn carried meaning. They were dancing with their hair, not for attention, but for expression. For joy. For presence.

Together, they took up space with unapologetic grace. So feminine. So alive.

It was empowering to command the floor like that—not as objects, but as full human beings. Their bodies weren't apologizing. Their femininity wasn't edited. They were there.

Because to be seductive is to be fully in your body, your truth, your power.

It isn't about performance for others—it's about alignment with yourself.

When a woman is grounded in her own mind and body, her sensuality becomes an extension of love and care, not a transaction or a trap. Seduction, when rooted in truth, is a sacred offering—not a tool to access power, but a way to express it.

And Victor Alexis—the social storm that swept through every corner of a room—was there too. He'd laughed with her, hyped her up, even recorded her dancing without asking. But it didn't feel invasive. It felt like visibility, not theft. She'd watched the video later and smiled—it captured her perfectly: laughing, dancing, included.

Included, despite the constant attempts to erase her.

Despite Candy.

Despite Vanilla.

Despite the manipulative choreography that always tried to rewrite her out of her own story.

And come to think of it...

Was Habanero even there last night?

She paused.

Maybe?

She genuinely couldn't remember. And that, she realized with quiet power, was the most beautiful part.

She poured tea slowly, watching the steam rise like a veil she would never wear.

Dancing always brought her back to herself. But not just herself—her lineage. Her bloodline. Her inheritance. When her hips moved to rhythm, when her arms carved space with grace, she wasn't just Cayenne, a Gazan woman in modern exile. She became the women who came before her—the daughters of the Kingdom of Canaan.

She thought of ancient Egypt, not as a tourist fantasy but as a time when Canaanite women were queens and goddesses—not symbols of temptation, but symbols of power. They led, healed, governed, birthed, and worshipped in their own image. Their curves were not sins. Their voices were not threats. Their beauty was not shameful—it was sacred.

And in the warmth of last night's dancing, Cayenne had remembered all of that.

It wasn't nostalgia. It was DNA memory.

She always felt it pulse to the surface whenever she was in motion—especially to Arabic instrumentation layered over Latin tempo. There was something about Levantine expression—that mix of rhythm and poetry, calligraphy and ululation—that spoke directly to her soul. She felt it even though her Arab ancestry was just a sliver—barely 4%. But that 4% bloomed into a spiritual 100 whenever she allowed herself to be completely free.

And now, with her body rested, her mind clear, and her purpose renewed, she sat down at her kitchen table, opened her notebook, and made the decision she had been circling for years:

It was time to publish the equation.
Not just in private circles, not just as scattered posts.
In her novel. In her story. In her voice.

The Palestinian Liberation Equation

She had been building it quietly, mathematically, through lived experience.

$$O = f(W_i, M_i, R_i, G_i, C_p, I_i, H_i, T_i)$$

Where:

O = Oppression Level

W_i = Whiteness Proximity

M_i = Marginalization Level

R_i = Political Religion

G_i = Gender Inferiority

C_p = Condom Persona Coefficient (tokenization under the illusion of protection)

I_i = Intellectual Marginalization (how higher intelligence in racialized people becomes a threat)

H_i = Household Freedom (the right to be fully yourself at home)

T_i = Texture & Feature Factor (how things like hair, skin texture, and facial features affect desirability and visibility)

Before anyone could even begin to dream of liberation, R_i and G_i had to be zeroed out—because no one is free when patriarchal religion or gender inferiority is internalized. It destabilizes cohesion. It creates vulnerabilities for political defection. And it protects whiteness in the name of spiritual superiority.

C_p had to be minimized.

I_i had to be recognized as brilliance, not threat.

And T_i had to be acknowledged—the way curls, jawlines, lashes, voice, and skin texture either silenced or uplifted a body under the white gaze.

H_i = the right to be yourself at home.

It meant that even family couldn't hold your freedom hostage.

Because household oppression teaches dishonesty.

And dishonesty makes movements weak.

She paused to write a note in the margin, a sentence she had rehearsed in her mind a hundred times:

> Whiteness is not the standard.

Evolution and transcendence is the standard.

To make whiteness the standard is to build identity on non-white inferiority.

And that inferiority fuels white supremacy both outside and within.

It manifests through political religion.

It manifests through silence.

And it manifests in the suffering of every Palestinian—internally from oppressive family control, and externally from colonization.

It wasn't about dancing with coins.

It was about whether the world clapped when you did.

And who got the job when no one was watching.

In Canada, that difference was measurable.

According to 2023 data from Statistics Canada:

Unemployment rate for Arab Canadians was 10.9%

Unemployment rate for Black Canadians was 9.2%

Unemployment rate for white Canadians was 5.6%

That meant Arabs had a 95.7% higher unemployment rate than whites, while Blacks had only 64.2% higher. Arabs weren't tokenized. They weren't even included.

Source: Statistics Canada, 2023

Arab appearance—so close to whiteness, yet never enough—meant being erased, not selected.

Proximity without access.

Visibility without protection.

She visualized it:

A heat map.

A 3D surface plot.

A stepwise decay.

And in the darkest corner sat women like her:

Slender, non-veiled, intelligent & Levant Arabic, Gazan-Palestinian who danced with their hair and didn't apologize for being free—an equal to everyone.

And next to her, no one Arabic or racialized.

Only her Parisian Canadian friend Iza.

Because tokenization requires silence.

And Cayenne would never be silent.

She was free.

She gave herself permission.

The others were still waiting for someone white to grant them access.

And that's why the fight had to begin again—not only for Palestine, but for truth.

"No more erasure," she whispered. "Not even at home."

She flipped to a fresh page.

Chapter 26: Cayenne's Equation for Liberation

It had already begun.

> "We want your food, your ideas, your beauty—but not you."

That has to change in Canada.

The nightlife art industry is where Cayenne wanted to start.

Let me know whenever you're ready to move to Chapter 27, or if you'd like this formatted for e-reader, print, or presentation use.



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Book 1 Chapter 24

1 message

DjLexiMusic&Dance <djleximusic@gmail.com>

Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:19 PM

To: DjLexiMusic&Dance <djleximusic@gmail.com>

Chapter 24: Dismantler of Illusions

It was the day before the discard, and the smoke machine had already been set to full blast.

What Cayenne didn't know, at first, was that the illusion had begun before December 29, 2024. Not on the dance floor—but on the timelines, the stories, the feeds. It was Vanilla who lit the match, but it was Habanero who held the lighter, linking directly to her fabrications.

"Miami," they claimed. A lovers' escape. A palm tree here, a shadowy skyline there. But there were no airport shots, no dancing footage, no boarding passes. Just obscured backgrounds, altered hues, and tanned filters on a man who would return pale as snow.

Cayenne knew the tricks. She made content. So did Habanero. So did anyone who wasn't naïve. Anyone who hadn't traded their dignity for validation hearts and manufactured storylines.

It was never really about dance. Not entirely.

What was happening behind the scenes wasn't romance—it was a calculated PR stunt designed to erase Cayenne's presence and rewrite Habanero's brand. Vanilla wanted the aesthetic of influence, and Candy wanted control. Together, they were executing an image campaign, using Habanero as the canvas, unaware that their brushstrokes were already revealing their own desperation.

Habanero, at first glance, seemed complicit. But deeper than complicity was confusion. His posts followed theirs like echo trails—not leading, but reacting. He wasn't orchestrating the narrative; he was trying to survive it. Because while Candy posed as his manager and Vanilla pretended to be his muse, Cayenne had always been the real architect—the woman who had brought ideas, vision, and structure to his ascent. They hadn't just replaced a person. They had attempted to replace a foundation.

But the cracks were already showing.

The photos were too filtered, the captions too forced. "The life of dating a businessman," Vanilla wrote. "Maybe I should start my own show."

But there was no show—only a fading man posing beside a woman who mistook visibility for value.

Candy, orchestrating from the shadows, had used similar tactics before: fake events, birthday dinners staged for optics, curated interactions designed to trigger envy in Cayenne. It wasn't personal—it was a strategy of psychological displacement, one they thought would destabilize Cayenne enough to make her disappear.

But Cayenne didn't disappear—she dismantled.

She was the disruptor of illusions.

While they chased filters and fiction, she was laying out truths.

While they tried to erase her from the story, she became the author.

And what no one anticipated was that Cayenne and Habanero were not just dancers—they were the top minds of the Ottawa Latin dance world. Not because they sought popularity, but because they held the keys to evolution: disruption, originality, and clarity of purpose.

It was never about sex between them. That's what made it terrifying.

Their attraction was mental. Spiritual. Conceptual.

It was the top of his mind and the top of her mind dancing—nothing more, yet everything more.

And those who had built their entire personas on titillation and tokenism could never replicate it. They could mimic the poses, but not the power.

This was precisely why Cayenne became the main target of Candy and Vanilla. Because if Habanero ever woke up and aligned with Cayenne again—not romantically, but ideologically—they would be unstoppable. Cayenne would see every tactic before it landed. She would anticipate every fake story, preempt every whisper campaign. And she would sharpen him in the process.

But he wasn't ready for that. He may have once admired her mind, but he feared the mirror she held up to him even more.

Maybe he wasn't just a puppet.

Maybe he was a man spiraling into emotional dysregulation, still haunted by Cayenne's rejection on September 21, 2024, when she called out his casual othering of her culture. Something about that moment had split him open—not in hatred, but in shame. He knew she was right. He just didn't know how to repair what he had broken.

So instead, he let others speak for him. He let Candy pull the strings. He let Vanilla rewrite the plot.

And in doing so, he let his life become a stage play of illusions, where he was both main character and tragic prop.

But now that Cayenne was writing—now that her novel was hitting the scene—they were all scrambling to keep up with the unraveling. She wasn't just exposing the plot; she was naming the producers.

They thought December 29, 2024, would be the final blow. The discard. The stage set with DJ decks and the illusion of a power couple.

But what they hadn't counted on was that Cayenne had already begun dismantling the entire illusion before they even hit "post."

And now, everyone was watching.

Not because they believed in the image—

But because they wanted to know how far a lie could go before collapsing under its own weight.

Would you like me to continue directly into Chapter 25 with the emotional fallout or Habanero's internal collapse as Cayenne's novel spreads? Or would you prefer we now zoom in on Candy and Vanilla's next moves as the narrative slips from their grasp?



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Chapter 23 official

1 message

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Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:18 PM

Love After Enmity?
Chapter 23: Narcissistic Supply
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Alexa Baseeso

She hadn't yet released her next chapter when new information landed in her hands—details only decipherable to her. Habanero had started sending her messages the only way he knew how: through signals embedded in public space, signals that only Cayenne could interpret. He didn't know who was watching him on her behalf, though he had likely begun to suspect. But he would never truly know. That was the point. She would protect those connected to her at all costs.

And yet, he was undeniably performing—performing for her. She noticed it in the small details. He had been wearing a uniform of black: a black top, black pants, black hat, all marked with his social's logo—a strategic choice for branding and a recent development in his visual consistency. But this time, he broke it. The shirt he wore bore a striking resemblance to the one he'd worn in their most celebrated dance together—a dance that had reached nearly 2,000 views when Cayenne reposted it, despite her modest audience of just a few hundred.

She had remixed that choreography on September 21, 2025—the anniversary of being othered by him. She'd done it not just out of longing for him, but because that moment, that dismissal, had struck something far deeper. He had made her feel like an outsider—like another—right in front of Cheeks, Vanilla, and Candy. The only way she could metabolize that pain was through art. She had reimagined the dance by pairing it with a fusion she created—merging a Palestinian folkloric song with a popular salsa track. She manipulated the original video so it looked like she was dancing with him to a Palestinian salsa song. It was her quiet protest against being erased. She was a Canadian citizen. She belonged. Fusion, for her, wasn't multiculturalism. It was declaration. It was resistance. It was: I exist too. I belong too. I am at this caliber too. Even Palestinian music—especially Palestinian music—had a place and relevance in modern-day Latin and partner dance. And that was what she meant to express.

That was the dance he remembered. That was the memory he tried to summon through the shirt. He'd broken uniform because he needed her to know that he still carried that moment too—that it hadn't left him either. That it lived quietly beneath the surface, even now.

And then there was Vanilla. Once buzzing with attention, now visibly subdued. Cayenne had received word that things between Habanero and Vanilla had shifted. The energy was gone. She looked drained—withdrawn. As though she was grappling with withdrawal symptoms from the kind of attention she was no longer receiving. She performed like an understudy—there, but not radiant. Habanero, too, had gone cold. Their interactions were transactional, not intimate. It was obvious to anyone watching closely: something had fractured.

Vanilla, now desperate for any remaining spotlight, had begun filming herself learning dance sequences from instructors outside Ottawa—an effort to tag, be noticed, stay relevant. But Ottawa had begun to look away. She'd lost over a hundred followers in recent months—followers Cayenne suspected were now reading her novel and quietly recognizing what had really happened. People were seeing the manipulation. The sellout behavior. The complicity in Arab woman hate. And it was costing her.

Cayenne couldn't help but see it: the possibility that Habanero had been distancing himself long before people realized. He'd stopped tagging Vanilla publicly as early as March, right after Cayenne began publishing. It wasn't coincidence. He was responding, even if he didn't fully understand how or why. But now, it was clearer than ever: it wasn't Habanero who was the narcissist. It was Vanilla. And Habanero, aware of this, was trying to protect Cayenne—and perhaps himself—by starving Vanilla of the narcissistic supply she had been accessing through him and Mood Salsa. He wanted her to leave on her own. And she would, because she understood what she was. Narcissists always go looking for new supply. That process had already begun the moment she started tagging bigger players who weren't from Ottawa. Ottawa was no longer supply. And Habanero, whether consciously or unconsciously, had known exactly what he was doing.

Still, Cayenne held herself in limbo. She wanted to return to dance—not for the clout, not for the scene, but for herself. Yet she also knew what would come with it. The same people who had condescended, erased, and mocked her would pivot the second they saw Habanero treat her with dignity again. They worshipped him, but they feared her. And when he stood beside her, they'd be forced to accept Cayenne's place as an equal to Habanero despite seeing her as inferior because she is a Palestinian woman. That, too, was part of his message. I respect you. I see you. I still follow your lead.

But timing mattered. Healing mattered. Cayenne knew that any reconciliation—personal or professional—could only be rooted in full dignity, not desperation. She didn't know what would come next. She only knew she still cared for him quietly, in the space between pages. But that care was conditional—bound to respect, reciprocity, and truth. Without those, there would be no return. No bridge. No rhythm worth dancing to.

And somewhere in the quiet spaces between her silence and their surveillance, Cayenne was already planning her next move—not for spectacle, but for sovereignty. When she returned, it wouldn't be for applause. It would be to reclaim the stage they thought they were taking from her—as an equal Canadian citizen, an equal artist, and an equal human.



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Book Series Introduction

1 message

DjLexiMusic&Dance <djleximusic@gmail.com>

Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:16 PM

To: DjLexiMusic&Dance <djleximusic@gmail.com>

"بِسْمِ رَبِّ الْخَبِّ نَبْذَا..."

In the name of love, we begin.

When I say بِسْمِ رَبِّ الْخَبِّ نَبْذَا—"In the name of the Lord of Love, we begin"—the "we" I speak of refers to me and my ancestors working through me in my art form. It is not just a solitary act; it is a collective, ancestral calling that channels through me. None of my dances, chapters, or work is premeditated. I wake up and feel compelled to do it, as though the art chooses me. I am open to it, and in that openness, it comes alive through me. It is not just my movement; it is the movement of all that has come before me. It is a sacred act of remembering, a conversation between my soul and those who have walked before me.

This dance is more than movement. It is a coded prayer, a declaration of memory, and a testament to everything I've survived—and everything I still carry in my body. I'm merging it with Tarweeda Shemali—an encoded song Palestinian women would sing to their imprisoned lovers, hiding truth inside beauty, when truth itself was forbidden. That's what women have always done—we encoded freedom in our rhythm, liberation in our melody, and love in our rebellion to be free. This poem shared below, this dance, this ancestral melody with Tarweeda Shemali—it's the echo of a love that refuses to die, a love that rises above all conditioning. A love that exists before politics, before religion, before shame. Because this voice, this body, this movement—none of it is a distraction. It is a mirror. It is an invitation. To remember who we are beneath all the masks. So if this speaks to you—know that it's not just performance. It's your ancestors coming alive from your own genetics:

In the name of Love, we begin.

In the name of Passion—the One who brings hearts near. In the name of tenderness and mercy—where souls reunite. In the name of loyalty—no bitterness shall follow your sweetness. In the name of grace—neither shall you be diminished, nor shall I. In the name of the light that warms our hearts as one. In the name of devotion, patience, and desire. And so—I give you all that my life holds. And in your eyes, I have a home—a place I dwell in, a place I long for. You are my soul's companion, the heart within my heart.

بِسْمِ رَبِّ الْخَبِّ نَبْذَا
بِسْمِ رَبِّ الْعَشَقِّ، مُقَرَّبِ الْقُلُوبِ
بِسْمِ الْمَوَدَّةِ وَالرَّحْمَةِ، تَجَمُّعِ الْأَرْوَاحِ
بِسْمِ الْوَفَاءِ، فَلَا مَرَّ بَعْدَ خُلُوكِ
بِسْمِ الْهَوَانِ، فَلَا تَهُونُ، وَلَا أَهْوَنُ
بِسْمِ النُّورِ الَّذِي يُذِي قُلُوبَنَا
بِسْمِ الْإِحْلَاصِ، وَالصَّبْرِ، وَالْهَوَى
أَمَّا بَعْدُ —
فَلَقَّ مِنْ عُمْرِي كُلِّ مَا فِيهِ
وَلِي مَنَزَلٌ فِي عَيْنَيْكَ، أَسْكُنُهُ وَأَهْوَاهُ
أَنْتَ شَرِيكَ الرُّوحِ، وَالْقَلْبِ



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Chapter 14: Unspoken

1 message

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Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:16 PM

Chapter 14: Unspoken
Book 1
Alexa Baseeso

Cayenne never thought of herself as someone who could captivate others. She didn't aim to be the center of attention, nor did she feel the need to stand out in a crowd. Instead, she carried herself with a quiet sense of confidence, the kind that made people take notice without her having to try. There was an ease about her, a presence that subtly commanded respect, but it wasn't because she asked for it—it was just who she was.

She had noticed admiration before—curiosity, even envy—but what she saw in Habanero felt different. It wasn't just about her appearance or the way she carried herself. It was something more, something deeper that stirred beneath the surface.

From the first time they'd met, he'd seemed drawn to her, though he'd never said it outright. She could feel it in the way his attention lingered when they spoke, in the slight shift of his posture when she entered a room, the way he'd seek her out even in a crowd. There was something between them, an unspoken energy that made her wonder what he was thinking, even as she kept her own thoughts close to her chest.

Habanero was a man with a packed life. A full-time job, tenants to manage, and the weight of running the city's most popular Latin dance event. Time was a luxury he didn't often have, but when Cayenne mentioned she'd be at the Brazilian Zouk social that evening, he made the effort. He didn't just show up to watch—he arrived hours before the event even started.

Brazilian Zouk wasn't his first love. He preferred Salsa and Bachata, curating events that thrived on the rhythms he had known for years. But there was something about how Cayenne spoke of Zouk, the way she came alive when she danced it, that pulled him in. It was a dance rich with Afro influences, full of hypnotic rhythms that spoke to something deep within her. And because of her, he found himself paying attention to a world he had never considered before—one where Zizi, an Asian-Canadian dancer, had built his own Zouk scene, gaining respect without much outside support. Before Cayenne, Habanero would never have thought twice about Zouk. But because she valued it, he was starting to see it through new eyes.

That night, when she finally arrived, she was late—hours later than she had intended. She wasn't expecting anything unusual; it wasn't uncommon for the event to run behind. But as she sat down to slip on her dance shoes, she felt a shift in the air before she even saw him.

Habanero appeared, as if he had been waiting for her all along. He slid onto the floor with a grace that spoke of both comfort and intention, his eyes locking with hers as soon as he entered her space. Without a word, he extended his hand to her, an invitation.

For a moment, she didn't recognize him. He had changed—dressed differently, and he was wearing a hat. It was only when he spoke, his voice cutting through the background noise, that realization clicked.

"Habanero?"

That was when it hit her. He hadn't just come to the event; he had shown up early, just to be near her. He literally slid across the dance floor and wanted to get Cayenne before another lead. He was waiting for her to arrive. This meant something to Cayenne.

Time. It was the one thing no one could fake. And in that moment, when Habanero had chosen to make time for her, Cayenne felt something stir within her. She began to see him differently—she looked at his face, and began to see some of his soul.

Habanero was a man who had no shortage of responsibilities. A full-time job, tenants to manage, and at the heart of it all, his passion—curating the most-attended Latin dance event in the capital. Time was his most precious commodity, and yet, when Cayenne mentioned the Brazilian Zouk event where she would be dancing that night, he didn't just show up to watch. He arrived hours early, before anyone else, before even the other dancers began to trickle in.

Brazilian Zouk was never his thing. He was a purist—a Salsa and Bachata man, his socials built around sharp Latin rhythms, the familiar beats of his soul. But Cayenne—she was different. She loved Zouk, a dance that carried the weight of Afro-Portuguese roots, a trance-like rhythm that sent the soul spinning, like a dervish caught in eternal motion. She spoke of it with a devotion that moved him, not in the way he imagined passion, but in a way he began to understand was deeper than dance. Because she loved it, he found himself drawn into her world, paying attention where he never would have before.

He was even starting to take note of Zizi, an Asian-Canadian dancer who had built the Brazilian Zouk scene from the ground up with no support from the white dance community. Before Cayenne, he would have never given Zizi's world a second glance. But for her, he was learning to see it. To value it. Habanero is a white male & he didn't understand his privileges.

That night, when Cayenne finally arrived, she was late—hours later than she'd anticipated. She hadn't expected anything out of the ordinary. After all, late arrivals were nothing new in the world of dance. But as she sat down, tying her dance shoes, she felt the shift before she saw it.

He appeared, sliding onto the floor with an ease that spoke of his practiced grace. His eyes locked with hers immediately, and before she could react, his hand was extended to her, offering more than just a dance—it was an invitation, a gesture that held weight, a subtle plea.

At first, she didn't even recognize him. Habanero had dressed up, his usual rugged self transformed. He was wearing a hat, something she had never seen him in before, and it was only when his deep voice sliced through the noise of the room that the realization struck her.

"Habanero?"

The sudden truth hit her like a wave. He had come, not to watch, not to participate in the usual dance social. He had come for her. He had arrived hours before just to make sure he was there when she walked in.

Time. The most precious thing a person could offer. In Cayenne's world, time meant everything. It was the one thing no one could fake. People gave their time only when they truly wanted to.

And in that moment, when Habanero had arrived early, when he waited patiently through workshops just to catch a glimpse of her, she began to see him differently.

It wasn't just a coincidence. It wasn't just idle curiosity. It was intention.

For the first time, Cayenne felt herself drawn to him. To him, not the persona he had carefully crafted. She wanted to dance with him—not just because he was offering, but because the unspoken between them had begun to stir something within her, something she hadn't anticipated.

But it wasn't just the early arrival. No, something more had shifted. The way he had sat through hours of workshops, waiting for the moment he could see her. The quiet patience in his presence—these were things that spoke louder than any words could. They were the invisible threads that bound them without either of them fully understanding why.

And then they danced.

In Brazilian Zouk, it was common to switch partners after every song. The dance was about connection, but it was always fleeting—moments suspended in time, not meant to last. But that night, everything was different. For three songs straight, they moved together—no one else, just them. In a room filled with dozens of dancers, it was as though the entire world had fallen away. It wasn't customary in Zouk. Not like it was in Tango, where partners might stay together for an entire set. But with Habanero, neither of them let go.

He never did this. And neither had she.

She had danced with many men before. Felt chemistry. Connection. Attraction. But this? This was something else entirely. It was as if, for those three songs, the unspoken had finally found a language of its own. She felt it in the way his body moved with hers—no hesitation, no boundaries. It was effortless, yet profoundly intimate. They weren't just dancing; they were speaking without words, telling a story only they could understand.

And in that fleeting moment, as their bodies pressed closer with each step, Cayenne wondered—Do I like this guy?

The realization hit her harder than the music. It was a question she hadn't expected to ask herself. She had always been guarded, always kept emotions at arm's length, carefully hidden behind layers of deflection. But this man—Habanero—had slipped under her skin without her even realizing it.

The next day, she found herself still caught in the rush of that night. She hadn't recognized him at first—he had looked different. But when he had voiced his disappointment, when he questioned why she hadn't noticed his beard, the effort he had put into his appearance, something inside her clicked.

"I'm so good-looking," he had said, half-joking, half-frustrated. "Why didn't you know I had a beard? You never looked at my face."

Cayenne had to pause and think about that. Why hadn't I noticed his face?

It wasn't that he wasn't attractive. It wasn't about the beard. For her, it had never been about looks. It was the connection—his presence, the way he made her feel without saying a word. She hadn't needed to look at his face because what pulled her in wasn't the structure of his features, it was the conversation, the connection.

"I never look at faces," she finally said, her voice quieter than usual. "I feel through touch. Through energy. I don't need to see your face to know you."

It was something she had never consciously realized before. Her entire life, she had processed the world through layers of energy, through the rhythms of bodies, through the unsaid things between people. Looking someone in the eye was too much, too intimate, too real.

But with Habanero, it was different. He had a way of seeing her. A way of cutting through the noise and getting to the heart of who she was, even when she herself hadn't fully understood it.

And as their worlds collided again and again, Cayenne found herself in a place she had never been before. A place where the unspoken was finally given a voice.

Whether he realized it or not, Habanero had been drawn into her orbit long before she had ever truly seen him.



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22 Final

1 message

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Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:15 PM

Love After Enmity
 Chapter 22: What If God Was a Woman
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What if the Kingdom of Canaan had never been genocided? What if Palestine had been allowed to live—not in exile or under occupation, but in freedom, sovereignty, and continuity? What if ancient Palestinian civilization had never been ruptured, erased, or shamed for the power it once carried? What language would Palestinians be speaking today? What rights would Palestinian women hold—not borrowed from Western feminism, but inherited from their own ancestral lineage, from a time when women were goddesses, not defined by others' limited views?

What if religious textbooks weren't taken as fundamental fact unless corroborated by evidence such as other religious books or archaeological discoveries from different nations? This approach would ensure we don't blindly accept beliefs as universal truths without examining them critically against historical context. Imagine a world where this kind of critical thinking was a norm, instead of religious doctrines being passed down as absolute law.

A clear example is Gaza, historically part of the Kingdom of Canaan, as mentioned in the Old Testament. The people of Gaza, far removed from the Abrahamic influences, are often depicted in a way that might make us forget how advanced their cultures were long before these religious texts were written. Just like the Canaanite civilization, their heritage had intricacies that might be considered progressive today—structured societies that thrived without the need for external ideologies like feminism. Their focus on gods and goddesses revealed a culture centered around both reverence for deities and respect for human dignity.

Imagine if these cultures' values had been preserved without being overshadowed by later religious movements, which came with their own set of rules, perhaps based more on power dynamics than on inherent truths. Could the world have evolved in a more equal, cooperative way? What if these pre-Abrahamic societies—thriving long before these texts came into being—were more representative of humanity's natural state of respect and unity?

In the ancient Kingdom of Canaan, women were deities. Goddesses like Asherah, Anat, and Astarte stood at the center of public life and private spirituality. Asherah was the mother goddess, often depicted alongside trees, signifying life, nurturing, and generational continuity. Anat was the fierce warrior goddess—both sensual and powerful—who protected her people in battle and was revered for her independence. Astarte, goddess of fertility and love, presided over ceremonies that honored female desire and reproductive power, not as taboo, but as divine.

These goddesses were later vilified in the Old Testament. Asherah was labeled an abomination, her sacred groves destroyed. Astarte was renamed and ridiculed as a false idol. Anat was forgotten entirely. Why? Because the Abrahamic religions that followed could not tolerate the vision of women as creators of life, owners of land, leaders of homes, or architects of spirituality. The patriarchy needed to erase them to solidify its own mythology.

But in Canaan, the feminine was not erased. It was honored.

Canaanite society held both patriarchal and matriarchal features—but it carved a space for women's autonomy that was unmatched for its time. Women married, worked, and generated wealth. Their inheritance passed not just through their husbands but through their own bloodlines. In fact, marriage contracts often protected a woman's right to retain her wealth after marriage—a radical concept compared to the later religious laws that stripped women of ownership entirely.

And yes, there existed recorded instances of women with more than one husband—not as a rule, but as a recognized possibility. Not for promiscuity, but for autonomy. It was a declaration: a woman could love more than once in her lifetime. A woman could be the central figure around which family formed. That didn't mean every woman did it—but the fact that she could said something powerful about the way love, sexuality, and female sovereignty were seen in Canaan. It wasn't about rejection of monogamy—it was about rejecting the erasure of female choice. That's the nuance.

Cayenne never wanted multiple husbands. But she did want to inherit the strength of the women before her—their freedom to build a home on their terms, their power to shape a society that honored both tenderness and brilliance. And that's exactly what she envisioned with Arabtino—her dream project to blend the musical depth of her ancestral homeland with the sensuality and celebration of Latin dance.

Her connection to Canaan wasn't just symbolic—it was biological. On her mother's side, through her Lebanese grandmother, Cayenne is Canaanite. Her DNA test didn't need to prove what she already knew: her roots trace directly to that ancient civilization. And through her own research, she confirmed that Gaza was once part of the Kingdom of Canaan—even though it was also at various points under the influence and control of Ancient Egypt. These timelines didn't cancel each other out; they overlapped. Canaan and Ancient Egypt coexisted, and Gaza often sat at the intersection—a place where cultures and empires braided into one another.

Modern scholars have begun to re-acknowledge this. Even CBC and CTV News published articles that underscored the deep historical and archaeological links between Gaza and Ancient Egypt, especially in the context of recent discoveries around the Jazalia Camp area, where ancient Egyptian ruins and artifacts were found in what is now southern Gaza. These findings aren't fringe theories—they are state-recognized historical truths. Gaza, Canaan, and Egypt were all part of the same story once—and Cayenne is part of that lineage.

And it was Habanero's friendship that helped open that door. He had been the one to mention Cleopatra in one of their early conversations. That single comment sent her down a rabbit hole of ancestral memory and historic reclamation. He was the spark, even if he didn't know it. That's why his absence has been so deeply felt—not just emotionally, but intellectually. Because they were building something beyond dance. They were rebuilding mythologies.

She responded the only way she knew how—through art. She created a dance fusion video on September 21st, 2024, exactly one year after Habanero turned against her. It wasn't her most recent work—it was a message. She edited an old clip of them dancing and paired it with a new soundtrack: Talbida al-Shimali, remixed with salsa rhythms.

She made it happen on her own.

Because Habanero wasn't talking to her then. He had distanced himself, seeing her as "another culture," dismissing her "otherness" despite her being a Canadian citizen. But this is a Canadian story. It's about what happens when Canada rejects the full spectrum of its own people, when it tries to flatten racialized stories into digestible fragments. She wanted Habanero to see that her otherness was not a threat—it was an asset. It was survival.

And now, she wonders what he thinks when he sees that video again—because she knows he sees everything. He always did.

And she misses him. Not just the dancing, though that, too. Because dancing with Habanero was effortless. Everyone noticed. Even when she took the videos offline and reposted them on Facebook, they gained over a thousand views, one of them almost 2,000—not choreographed, not rehearsed, just pure instinct. Their souls met on the dance floor. The way Habanero leaned his forehead against hers, the way his arm wrapped around her shoulders—it wasn't about performance. It was about presence.

But what she misses most is the conversation—the deep, layered, spiraling conversations that unfolded over days. That was intimacy. That was rare.

It was through those conversations that she started seeing herself not only as Canaanite but also as Egyptian—a layered ancestry that felt spiritual, political, and cosmological.

She had even examined Habanero's PhD thesis, and it impressed her. It wasn't just academic—it was revolutionary in its application of economics to elections. He wasn't just decoding systems—he was offering new blueprints. She thought it was brilliant. The kind of mind that could change not just dance, but society.

And maybe, just maybe, he sees it now. That she was offering him something too—a vision of a future. A way of blending sensuality with statecraft, intimacy with innovation. A new genre. A new mythology. A new civilization.

What if?

What if God really was a woman?

In Canaan and Egypt, women were gods and also queens. And they still can be.



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19 official

1 message

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Thu, Jul 10, 2025 at 8:15 PM

Love After Enmity?

Chapter 19: Her Touch

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He had been watching the video of their last dance from September 12, 2023, over and over again. As he watched himself on the screen, he saw how instinctively he put his forehead against hers, the action feeling as natural as breathing. It wasn't planned. It just happened. For a brief moment, she let him, leaning into the closeness. Then, it was as if she processed it—her body stilled for a heartbeat, and before he could make sense of it, she pulled away.

It wasn't the first time. There had been other instances—times he didn't even realize he was wrapping his arm around her shoulders while interacting with Cayenne. He'd done it naturally, almost absentmindedly. And that difference started to sink in, particularly when he realized how often he repeated the same gestures with her that he did with Caramel—who he was in a romantic relationship with—without ever having been intimate with Cayenne, nor having any kind of romantic interactions with her. It was the biggest realization for him. It wasn't just friendly; it was something deeper. Something he couldn't deny anymore.

She had posted a set of photos from that night with Caramel next to him, and another one from a different night at Mood Salsa of him next to Cayenne—the comparison between the way he smiled. The way he stood next to Caramel, and the way he stood next to Cayenne, both moments captured in the same frame, but with entirely different energy. His arm around Caramel felt different than when it was around Cayenne. And as he looked at the photos, something broke inside of him. He was so happy just standing next to Cayenne, that is it.

He hadn't wanted to admit it, hadn't wanted to acknowledge that the feelings he felt for Cayenne were real. She was Palestinian—he had been conditioned to see her as incompatible with his world—but the reality shattered all of that. He couldn't hate her. He couldn't reduce her. And sometimes, he even wondered if his parents would like her—if they saw how happy she made him. Maybe they'd see what he couldn't see back then.

But he also knew the reality of her world. He understood he'd face difficulty being accepted by her family too—he was white, not religious, and he knew it could be just as complex for her as it was for him.

They had talked about that. Family. Children. What love looked like to each of them. It was always deeper with her. Not performative. Not shallow. Just honest and real.

He had been reading her novels—The Storm on the Dance Floor first, then Love After Enmity. Pretending he wasn't affected. Telling himself it was fiction. But every word cut like glass. It was too specific, too accurate—too him. Cayenne felt everything, including his internalized racism. He knew Cayenne wasn't like the average Arabic human he met—she was opinionated. She took criticism well. She wasn't supportive of political religion or confined by it. She shared with him how challenging it was for her to be accepted by her

immediate family. How it took years to get to her current place. Especially with her mom. How much she loved her dad. How he passed away when she was in high school.

Chapter 12 haunted him. The racism, the exclusion, the strategic silencing—it wasn't just a narrative. It was documentation. He'd lived it, and he had watched it unfold around Cayenne while convincing himself it wasn't his fight.

Chapter 15 shook him to his core. The manipulations, the way Vanilla maneuvered her way into every scene, the way Candy sent those carefully constructed messages after September 21st to defame Cayenne and shift the focus—it all lined up. He remembered what had happened on that day: Vanilla grabbed both of Cayenne's arms and slammed them onto the table, pinning them there. He had to pry both of her arms off of Cayenne to get her free. And yet somehow, the narrative that followed was spun to make Cayenne look like the aggressor. The entire thing had been inverted, twisted beyond recognition.

And he let it happen.

Chapter 17 made him physically ill. He'd tossed and turned all night after reading it. The way Cayenne described being erased. The racialized men used like accessories. The tokenism. The psychological warfare of it all.

He couldn't eat the next day. Couldn't focus. His head felt like a cloud, his stomach like stone. He had to pretend he was fine. But everything was unraveling quietly in his gut.

And then came Love After Enmity. The second book hit differently. It was colder—sharper. Like Cayenne's grief had calcified. She was no longer pleading with the world to see her. She was naming names. Holding mirrors. Walking away with dignity, not devastation.

And that scared him most.

Because if her love could evolve into that kind of clarity—maybe there was still a way back in. Maybe there was hope. Maybe they could fix this. Why else would she be speaking about it at all? Why else would she be using a novel to talk to him, if some part of her didn't believe he could hear it?

He began to wonder if the novels were her attempt at reconciliation—not by pretending nothing happened, but by laying everything bare and hoping he'd come clean too. Hoping he'd grow. Hoping he'd meet her there.

His anxiety had worsened. Every time she posted a chapter, he braced himself. His chest would tighten. He'd scroll through her words slowly, like picking at a wound. Some days, he'd lose hours rereading a single paragraph. Some nights, he'd sit in the dark, whispering her name into the air like prayer.

And when he was with Vanilla, the contrast burned.

Vanilla tried to mimic Cayenne's softness sometimes—echo her mannerisms, her quiet strength—but it always rang false. There was no depth. No sincerity. Just strategy.

And that's when he realized something terrifying: he had never felt seen in his relationship with Vanilla. Only used.

He remembered August 2023—Vanilla's birthday. He recalled how it had been planned as a publicity stunt orchestrated by Candy, a calculated move to be seen in false proximity to him. Vanilla was positioned as the central figure of the night, and no other men were invited, except for him. Not even Candy's own racialized boyfriend was invited—yet he still showed up, lingering in the back of the photos that were posted later. It was a clear narrative-building moment, aimed at solidifying Vanilla's "closeness" to him, and reinforcing a manufactured exclusivity.

It had been a staged display, meant to put Vanilla in the spotlight and imply that she had an intimate connection with him, when in reality, she was just another tool in Candy's manipulative game.

He now understood why he had been chosen to be the one man there, to give the impression of exclusivity and importance. That was always part of the manipulation.

And now, in 2025, Candy was doing the same thing to her own racialized ex-boyfriend, actively defaming him in an attempt to ruin his reputation, to have him banned from all dance events and communities in Ottawa. The cycle of abuse, manipulation, and exclusion was unfolding again. It wasn't just happening to Cayenne anymore—it was happening to him too. This was what Candy and her cohort did. This was their pattern—they used, manipulated, and discarded people at their convenience, spinning a web of lies to discredit anyone who was no longer useful to their narrative.

What had happened to Cayenne—what had happened to him—was not isolated. It was part of a larger, deliberate pattern.

He couldn't ignore it any longer.

Caramel had started noticing his routines in 2023. The way he was glued to Cayenne's Instagram. The specific times he'd check it—8:00–9:00 a.m., 12:00–12:30 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m., and then from 11:30 p.m. until 3:00 a.m. The late-night hours were when he was supposed to be speaking to Caramel, who lived in a different time zone. But instead of talking to her, he was thinking about Cayenne, watching her content over and over and over again. Her posts had become his routine. As her friend, he was connected with her on all her socials, so he had access. But all he was doing was consuming her presence.

And it haunted him that he had destroyed that.

Cayenne had once written about people who used others like condoms—disposable protection, image buffers. And suddenly he saw himself. Not just used—but using. Not just a victim of Vanilla's game—but complicit in the whole dance.

Because Cayenne was right—again. At those parties, both of them for Vanilla and Riri, there were no Black dancers. Habanero invited a black dance friend to Riri's. No Black family members of Vanilla's were present. Vanilla didn't even invite Nini—her own race. No sense of genuine cultural inclusion. Just polished optics. Controlled visuals.

He started thinking about Vanilla more critically. The obsession she had with Cayenne. The way she kept Cayenne's name in her mouth even when Cayenne had vanished from the scene. And now, he was genuinely afraid for Cayenne's safety. He

wasn't just anxious—he was scared.

What if Vanilla hurt her? What if Vanilla retaliated—especially if he ever broke up with her? Even if he and Cayenne never reconciled romantically, even if they just became friends again—Vanilla would be a problem. A dangerous one.

He needed a permanent solution.

He began to consider the unthinkable—Should he be part of a criminal harassment case against Vanilla? Should he provide evidence? Because Vanilla wasn't just harassing Cayenne—she was harassing him through Cayenne.

She had sent one of his white employees to Cayenne in the summer of 2024—under the guise of pretending to be concerned—to try and convince Cayenne that Habanero was cheating on Caramel with Vanilla just to bait her. Just to provoke Cayenne so she'd write about it and become the villain. It was part of a scheme to reconfirm the narrative that Candy and Vanilla were creating in support of Wawa's narrative that Cayenne was defaming Habanero with false allegations of sexual misconduct. All of these women had been behind this—it was a pattern they had established.

They did it before, to a French man who didn't want to commit to Peanuts. And now, in 2025, Candy was doing it to her racialized boyfriend that she no longer wanted to be with. These women were dangerous.

And it broke him.

At this point, he knew.

He had to be honest: he wasn't over her. He was never going to be over her. And maybe he needed to reprogram the part of him that had learned to associate cruelty with power and love with humiliation. Maybe it wasn't even about her anymore—it was about the way she exposed every part of his conditioning. The way her existence dragged out every truth he tried to bury.

Because he wasn't just afraid of her. He was afraid of himself in relation to her. Of how small he felt next to her fullness. Of how she made him aware of the hollowness he tried to cover with calculated optics and digestible smiles.

And maybe the truth was even darker than that.

Maybe he had been indoctrinated into Borderline Personality Disorder. Maybe this wasn't a mental illness at all, but a conditioning he had inherited from his environment—the kind that wrapped dysfunction in politeness, weaponized silence, and taught boys that dominance was love.

Maybe he wasn't broken. Maybe he was programmed.

And maybe the only real thing he'd ever felt was the emptiness that erupted when Cayenne walked away—and the unbearable truth that no amount of discipline, denial, or distraction had ever been able to fill that void.

And she had seen it from the beginning. That was what he hated most.



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Book 2 Chapter 38

1 message

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Fri, Apr 25, 2025 at 6:38 AM

Habanero and Cayenne

Book 2: Love After Enmity?

Chapter 38: The Warning

Alexa Baseeso

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They will come for him soon. Not just through the courts, but through curated chaos. Through breasts and butt cracks. Through women with liquefied boundaries, modeled after her, sculpted to seduce, accuse, and destroy. It won't be Vanilla this time. Nor Wawa. It will be a new face. She will look like Cayenne—same tone, same softness, but she will lack history. She will not love graphs. She will not resist their programming. She will touch first. She will speak less. She will feign innocence, then testify. She is the decoy of Cayenne's undoing. And she is not even the most dangerous part.

Because the real trap is not the seduction. It is the state.

The state had already begun. It began the day Cayenne posted the term "probable cause" next to the email trail she had sent in 2017 under her Arabic name. In those emails, she escalated fraud in the public interest—fraud that implicated government-connected individuals across both the Liberal and Conservative networks. That email chain clearly identified a systemic refusal to provide access to documents she requested, documents that expose the defrauding of her academic record and the obstruction of her legal rights.

It was April 23, 2025. The same day she published the evidence on her suppressed Facebook account, the Ottawa police showed up to harass a man they had already moved against. Cayenne had waited, anticipated it, and captured the moment on video.

"They started persecuting him in 2017," she later explained. "But they didn't finalize anything until after that. I didn't even know. And that's how they realized it wasn't affecting me. Because my name had already changed."

The evidence she posted that day included a string of emails from 2017—sent under her Arabic name—showing that she had escalated fraud in the public interest. She reached out to her MP and MPPs at the time. The emails contained proof that she had been denied access to documents she had formally requested. Those documents would have proven that the University of Waterloo had defrauded her grades.

That email trail, posted publicly on April 23, 2025, is what she labeled probable cause. It tied together a pattern of racism, institutional protectionism, and judicial misconduct. Most damningly, it provided probable cause for connecting the Crown Attorney—who had moved to affirm criminal charges against a clearly autistic man in absentia—to the judicial retaliation Cayenne was facing. The goal was to cover up documented fraud and suppress the woman who had reported it first. Cayenne had reported that judicial fraud before the system had moved against her. She was ahead of it.

Cayenne's Legal Name Change Certificate, dated in 2017, was officially submitted to the Human Rights Tribunal of Ontario on March 23, 2021. That was the day Vice Chair Ramona Ganathan gained access to her updated name—an English-sounding white name Cayenne had secured to protect herself from racism in the Canadian labor market.

And on that exact same day, the Tribunal published a decision on C-A-N-L-I-I (Canada's Legal Information Institute) under file number 2019-36913-I, illegally using her new legal name—going directly against their own 2015 decision to protect her from online defamation. The decision had never been heard. Cayenne never received a hearing. She never received a decision. When she followed up in 2024 after learning of the decision through a third party, they refused to explain why she had never been notified. They danced around the question. Because it was intentional.

"It was retaliation," she said.

What made it worse was that this decision was not even related to the original complaint Cayenne had filed years earlier. That original application—2015-19764-I—had been granted anonymity. She had protected herself legally, and they violated that protection by attaching her new name to a case that had no hearing, no ruling, and no legal outcome shared with her.

"I found out from a white Canadian man on a job interview—who doesn't even live in Canada—because he told me to consider legally changing my name to join his workforce," Cayenne said. "That's the only reason I found out. Not because they told me. Because they never did."

She had known long before the others. She had reported the Tribunal for fraud in the public interest in 2017, long before their own employees did. Years later, in 2024, the Tribunal's Black and racialized staff formally escalated reports of racism to the Canadian government. But Cayenne had already lived it. She had already documented it—across three separate applications. Before Tribunal Watch Ontario. Before the whistleblowers. Before it was trending. She was first.

"They knew I had been granted anonymity in 2015. They knew I'm very sharp. They knew the tribunal was already reported for fraud in the public interest. And they did it anyway. It was deliberate."

The C-A-N-L-I-I record bypassed standard timelines. It skipped procedural safeguards. It was never heard. And it was never received.

"It's not even possible for a decision to hit C-A-N-L-I-I that fast," she said. "This was organized."

But what was even more calculated was what had already been done in the background. Her Arabic name had been indexed to a Supreme Court decision that confirmed and affirmed criminal charges against a clearly autistic man in his absence. The decision included her name—not as a party to the case, but in metadata. It was a digital snare.

"They criminalized him in order to create a criminal record for me—by proxy," she said. "So when I applied for jobs, when I was Googled, employers would see my name connected to that Supreme Court ruling. And they wouldn't hire me."

That was the real objective: to ruin her reputation without ever laying a hand on her.

Now they were looping back. Trying again. Cayenne saw it unfolding: first through silence, then seduction, and soon, through legal entrapment.

"Vanilla won't be enough. Wawa's done. Peanuts has already been exposed," she warned. "They're going to bring someone new. Someone more dangerous. A woman that looks like me, but with fewer boundaries. She'll seduce him, then she'll testify."

She paused.

"They want to charge him again. Same charges. But this time in person. To validate what they did in absentia. Not because it's legal. Because it's strategic."

"And the Crown Attorney," she added, "will smile. Because the program is working."

But what they didn't expect was Cayenne's clarity.

"I was never writing love letters," she said. "I was writing a mirror. And now it's facing them."

So she left the warning behind:

"If you are reading this, and your job is to seduce, distract, or incriminate Habanero, know that you are already mapped. If you are watching this, and your role is to suppress or redact, know that every timestamp, every download, every redirection has been documented."

"And if you are Habanero—know that they fear us together more than they fear me alone."

"And I never feared them."

Let the program tremble.

Let the Boobs and Butt Cracks Squad retire.

Let the law explain how a C-A-N-L-I-I decision can drop the same day a Legal Name Change Certificate was filed.

Let the Crown Attorney prove she never saw those emails from 2017.

Let them explain how the one man who called the police on himself—with no violence, no history of aggression, and an obvious profile of autistic looping—was turned into a criminal archetype.

Let them explain how the decision tied to file number 2019-36913-I was used to falsely portray Cayenne as mentally deficient—despite her never receiving a hearing and never being issued a decision. Let them explain how that decision was used to support at least two false claims that she was suicidal under her original application 2015-19764-I, which had to be refiled in 2016 after they refused to give her the documents she requested. Documents confirmed in the 2017 emails—the very emails that provide probable cause linking the Crown Attorney to judicial targeting and state-level retaliation.

Because ideation rates for neurodivergent individuals are 66% higher than for allistic populations, and using a fabricated decision to label someone as unstable is not only defamation—it is attempted destruction.

"The only threat is the truth," Cayenne said. "And it has already left Canada."

It will take a court order to enforce any gag request. And in doing that, they will be forced to report themselves—for persecuting Cayenne, not just because she is Palestinian, but because she exposed their judicial fraud and corruption.

This chapter will not be redacted.